Been thus encountred: a figure like your father,
Armed at point, exactly, *Cap a pe*,
Appeares before them, and with solemne march
Goes slow and stately by them: thrice he walkt
By their oppreſt and feare surpriſed eyes
Within this truncheons length, whilſt they distill'd
Almoſt to gelly with the act of feare,
Stand dumbe and speake not to him: this to me
In dreadfull secrecie impart they did,
And I with them the third night kept the watch,
Where, as they had delivered, both in time,
Forme of the thing, each word made true and good,
The apparition comes: I knew your father,
These hands are not more like.

Ham. But where was this?

Mar. My Lord upon the platform where we watcht.

Ham. Did you not speake to it?

Hor. My Lord, I did,
But answer it made none: yet once me thought
It lifted up its head, and did addreſſe
It selfe to motion, like as it would speake;
But even then the morning Cocke crew loud,
And at the sound it shrunke in haſte away,
And vaniſht from our sight.

Ham. 'Tis very strange.

Hor. As I doe live, my honour'd Lord, 'tis true,
And we did thinke it writ downe in our duty
To let you know of it.

Ham. Indeed sirs but this troubles me,
Hold you the watch to night?

All. We doe my Lord.

Ham. Arm'd say you?

All. Arm'd my Lord.

Ham. From top to toe?

All. My Lord, from head to foot.

Ham. Then saw you not his face?

Hora. O yes my Lord, he wore his beaver up.

Ham. What? lookt he frowningly?

Hor.

Hor. A countenance more in sorrow than in ang

Ham. Pale or red?

Hor. Nay very pale.

Ham. And fixt his eyes upon you?

Hor. Moſt constantly.

Ham. I would I had been there.

Hor. It would have much amaz'd you.

Ham. Very like: staid it long?

Hor. While one with moderate haſte might te

Both. Longer, longer.

Hor. Not when I saw't.

Ham. His beard was griſsled, no.

Hor. It was as I have seene it in his life,
A sable silver'd.

Ham. I will watch to night,
Perchance 'twill walke againe.

Hor. I warn't it will.

Ham. If it assume my noble fathers perſon
Ile speake to it, though hell it selfe should gape
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,
If you have hitherto conceal'd this sight,
Let it be tenable in your silence still,
And whatsoever else shall hap to night,
Give it an underſtanding, but no tongue;
I will requite your loves: So fare you well,
Upon the platforme 'twixt eleven and twelve
Ile visit you.

All. Our duty to your honour. *Exeun*

Ham. Your loves, as mine to you; Farewell.
My fathers spirit in armes, all is not well;
I doubt some foule play, would the night were com
Till then sit still my soule, foule deeds will rise,
Though all the earth orewhelme them to mens eye

Enter Laertes, and Ophelia his Sister

Laer. My neceſſaries are imbarkt, farewell,
And sister, as the windes give benefit
And convay in assistant, doe not sleep,
But let me heare from you.